



A Nightmare 4

ON ELM STREET
THE DREAM MASTER

Abdo & Daughters Presents

A Nightmare On Elm Street 4 The Dream Master

Written by: Brian Helgeland & Scott Pierce

Story by: William Kotzwinkle & Brian Helgeland

Adapted by: Bob Italia

Based on the characters created by Wes Craven

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Adaptation of motion picture.

Summary: Freddy, a disfigured man with steel fingernails, weaves in and out of high school students' dreams before making their nightmares come true. Sequel to "The Dream Warriors."

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One

The trees along Elm Street were bare. They swayed in the breeze that blew their dead leaves across the sidewalk.

Kristen, a beautiful but pensive-looking blonde teenager, walked slowly toward the Elm Street house. Although her face showed signs of fear, she moved with resolve. Kristen stopped and looked down at an angelic little girl who was drawing Freddy's house on the sidewalk with a piece of chalk.

Kneeling down, Kristen took a closer look at the chalk sketch. Although awkwardly drawn, the sketch made the house look new, and the yard well-tended. The illustration looked nothing like its subject, which had peeling paint, boarded-up windows, and was horribly run-down.

The little girl looked up at Kristen. "Hello."

"Do you live here?" Kristen asked.

"Nobody *lives* here," the little girl said sadly.

"Where's Freddy?"

The little girl giggled strangely. "He's not home." Then the little girl lifted her hand away from the drawing.

Kristen gasped. It was an image of Freddy Krueger, standing in a window.

Suddenly, there was a crack of thunder. Rain drops began sprinkling down on the girl and her drawing.

Kristen looked up at the sky. Rain trickled onto her face. Then she looked back down.

The little girl was gone.

Kristen scanned the area, but the child was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, she heard a creaking noise coming from the house.

Kristen turned and stared at the menacing structure. The front door slowly opened. With thunder crashing above her, Kristen walked deliberately toward the open door.

As soon as Kristen entered the house, she heard voices behind her. It was children singing a strange nursery rhyme:

One, two, Freddy's coming for you...

Kristen spun around and looked through the open door. She saw a group of young children standing in the front yard. They were dressed in their Sunday best, and staring at Kristen as they continued to sing:



Three, four, better lock your door...

The front door slammed shut with a bang. Kristen's determined expression dissolved, and she reached for the doorknob. It turned without resistance and the door opened with ease.

Kristen rushed through the doorway. But instead of finding herself outside, Kristen saw that she was in a dusty, decaying room. Before she could take another step, the door slammed shut again. When she tried to open it, the door remained locked. "Calm and cool," Kristen muttered, "I'm calm and cool..."

Kristen moved down the hall. Finding an open door, she stepped through. The old floorboards creaked under her feet. She looked at the walls. They were lined with eerie paintings of children playing in graveyards. Rainwater dripped from the ceiling.

A flash of lightning illuminated the room. Kristen caught a glimpse of an old and dusty couch in the corner—a couch with distinctive black and red striped lining.

Another bolt of lightning lit the room. Kristen was horrified to see the shadow of a hand with long fingerknives on the wall.

Barely able to breathe, Kristen turned to the large window across the room. Another flash revealed a tree branch outside. Kristen relaxed.

Suddenly, there was a massive clap of thunder. The entire window exploded into the room. Then a huge gust of wind roared through the shattered glass, blowing Kristen off her feet.

Kristen tumbled down a set of metal stairs and landed on a concrete floor of a large, dark boiler room. She scrambled to her feet and looked around in terror. "He's not here, he's dead," she muttered. "He's not here, he's dead, he's—"

Just then, Kristen heard the unmistakable sound of Freddy's knives scraping against a nearby metal surface. "No!" she cried. "Kincaid! Joey! Help me!"

In his bedroom, Kincaid was sitting at his desk, his head drooped over an open copy of an illustrated sports magazine. His dog was curled at his feet, sleeping. Suddenly, Kincaid's chair began to shake. He lifted his head in surprise.

Instantly, Kincaid flew from his chair and sailed through the air toward a wall. But instead of piling into the solid surface, Kincaid sailed right through the wall and fell into the boiler room, crashing through the rusty pipes and boilers.

As soon as he caught his breath, Kincaid looked up and saw Kristen. He quickly jumped to his feet. "Aw, shoot, Kristen," he complained, "not again."

Kristen motioned for Kincaid to listen as the screeching continued.

Unimpressed, Kincaid showed Kristen that it was merely a metal armature of a boiler attachment scraping against a railing. "You are one spooked chick."

Before Kincaid could say another word, Kristen held up her hand. Footsteps echoed out of the shadows behind them.

Kristen and Kincaid spun around. The figure lurched toward them. Kincaid gasped and Kristen screamed. But a moment later, they let out big sighs.

It was Joey.

Kincaid covered his fear with cool nonchalance. "Joey!" he said with relief. "I thought—"

"Thought what?" Joey said, looking at Kristen. "Of dragging us in here?"

"Yeah, cut it out," Kincaid said to her. "You're puttin' a dent in my beauty sleep."

"Freddy's here," Kristen said defensively, "I swear! I heard him!"

"Chill out, Kristen," Kincaid said. "Freddy's dead, buried, and consecrated. We won, remember?"

Kristen shook her head. "He's back...to get us."

"No way," Joey said. "Kincaid's right, Freddy Krueger is history. C'mere."

Joey led Kristen around the boiler room. He made her touch pipes, and then positioned her in front of the large furnace. "Look, the pipes are cold, the boiler is cold."

Joey swung open the iron door on the furnace. Kristen moved close to look in the black void. There wasn't even a glowing ember inside. She turned away.

All at once, a howling beast leaped out of the furnace. It was Kincaid's dog. The terrified animal clamped its jaws around Kristen's arm and knocked her to the floor.

§

Joey woke up with a start and tried to reorient himself. His sudden movements caused his waterbed to slosh back and forth.

Meanwhile, in his bedroom, Kincaid jerked his head off his desk and glanced around with an expression of relief. Then he heard a whimpering sound and looked down. His dog was staring up at him in bewilderment. There was blood around the animal's mouth.

Back in her bedroom, Kristen threw her covers off and jumped out of bed. She was breathing hard and her arm was injured. Grabbing a T-shirt off a chair, Kristen wrapped it around the wound. Then she sat on her bed, looking scared.

Two

The next morning, Kristen drove to Alice's house. Kristen was wearing a long sleeve shirt, but a bulge revealed where her arm was bandaged.

Parking her car in the street, Kristen walked to the side door of the modest house. After ringing the bell, she glanced out at the sidewalk. When she turned back, a stern-looking man stood in the doorway. "How are you, Mr. Johnson?" Kristen said to him.

Mr. Johnson ignored her.

"That's nice," Kristen said.

Mr. Johnson turned away as his daughter, Alice, appeared in the doorway. "Hi, Kristen," Alice said, stepping outside. "Rick'll be out any second."

"You going out dressed like that?" Mr. Johnson said to his daughter.

"What's wrong with me *this* time?" Alice said defensively.

Mr. Johnson slammed the door shut, leaving the two girls alone. Just then, they heard a rustling sound above them. They saw Alice's brother, Rick, shimmying out of an upper floor window.

Rick reached for a nearby tree. With surprising grace, he maneuvered to the ground and landed smiling in front of the girls. He gave Kristen a quick kiss.

"Something wrong with the stairs?" Kristen said.

"Avoid-all-contact day," Rick replied.

Mr. Johnson suddenly reopened the door and reached for the morning newspaper. He stared at them. "Waiting for a limo?"

Rick grabbed his father's face and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Okay, honey," he said in a mock Ricky Ricardo voice, "I'm off to the club."

The girls chuckled as Mr. Johnson became embarrassed and slammed the door.

§

Later that day at Springwood High, students were moving through the hallway that cut through the center of the school. Kristen was standing against one wall, spinning the dial on her locker. Rick was just down the hall at his locker.

Kristen opened her locker, grabbed a couple of books, then slammed the door shut. She was startled by Kincaid and Joey who appeared at the next locker. "Hi, guys."

"Hi, guys? Hi, guys?" Kincaid said. "That's all you got to say after last night?"

Kristen studied the two angry faces. "I'm telling you, he's coming back!" she said firmly.

"Listen, little sister," Kincaid said. "We know you got this freako talent for bringing folks into your dreams, but we don't need it anymore. Time to live like regular people."

"Let it rest," Joey insisted. "Who knows, you might stir him back up if you keep going in. Kincaid and I'll help, we're still a team, and we all have better things to dream about."

"Then what about this?" Kristen said, pulling up her sleeve and revealing the bloodstained bandage.

"That don't mean a thing," Kincaid said. "My dog's like me. Drag him into a crazy dream and he gets wild."

Rick stepped to Kristen's side. Kincaid and Joey smiled, then walked away.

"Those guys are kind of spooky," Rick said.

"Then you must think I'm a total freak."

Rick grinned. "I go back and forth."

Kristen was not amused.

"Lighten up," Rick said. "No one died."

Kristen forced a weak smile.

§

That night, as Kincaid settled in his bed, his bedroom door opened slowly. Kincaid sat up alertly and watched the doorway. Suddenly, his mangy dog shoved the door completely open and trotted into the room. The dog hopped onto the bed and circled a couple of times before lying down.

"Come on, Jason," Kincaid said, nudging the dog, "move over."

Kincaid and his dog adjusted their positions, then Kincaid reached over and turned off the light. Kincaid's eyes closed slowly. The room was still. But suddenly, a screeching sound awakened him.

Kincaid reached for the bedstand. Instead of finding a lamp, his hand slammed against a metal surface. Kincaid tried to move around, but bumped his head on something low. "Yo, open this up!" he shouted.

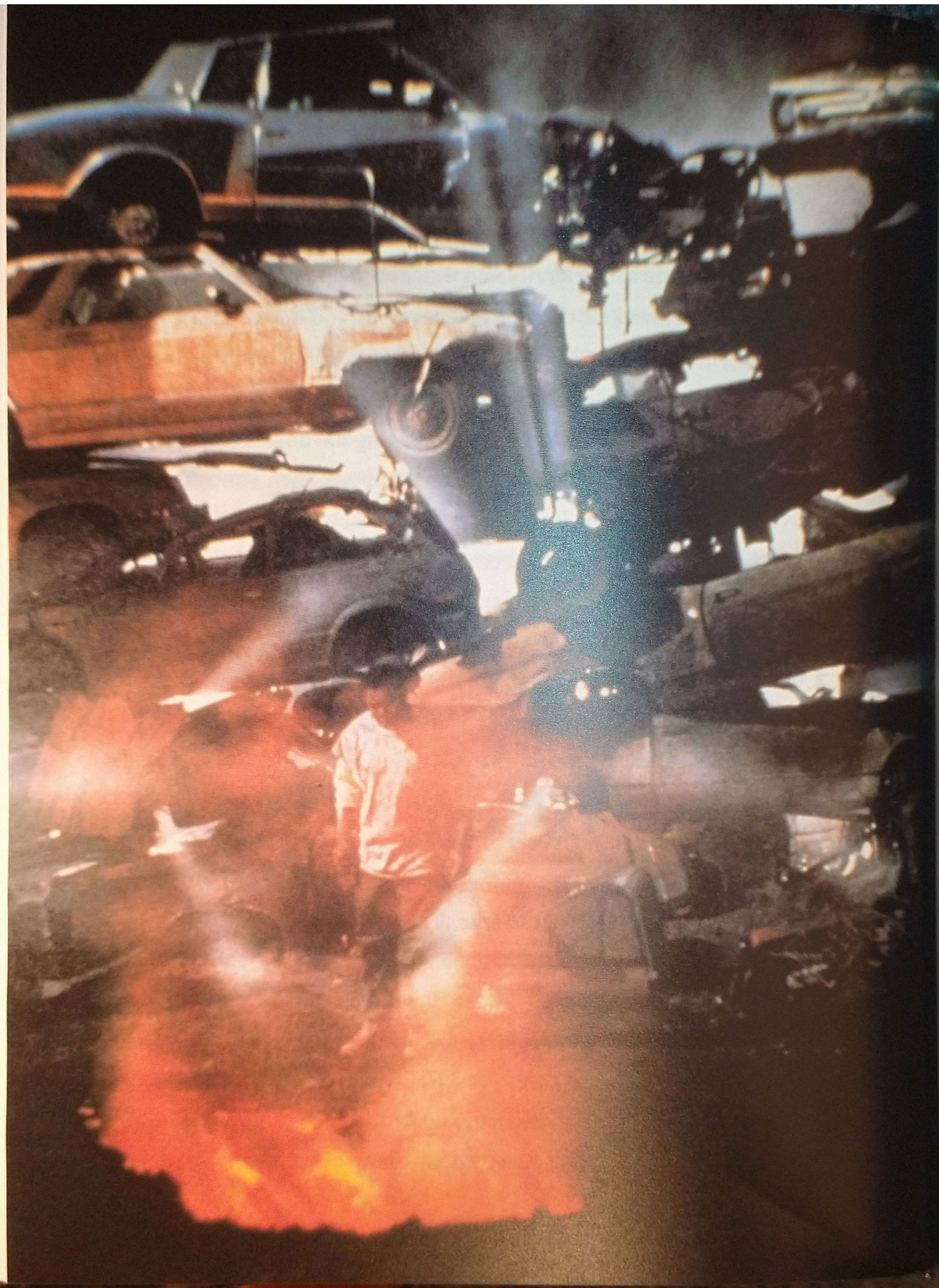
Kincaid pounded on the metal above. It moved just enough to let in a thin crack of blue light. Confused, Kincaid pounded a few more times. The metal above his head finally popped open.

Kincaid stuck his head out of the trunk of a wrecked car and looked around. He was in an ominous auto graveyard. "This ain't my dreamland. Kristen, if you're here, I'm going to pound you!"

He looked around. There was no one in sight.

"Kristen! Hey, Kristen!" he called out. Kincaid climbed out of the trunk. Hearing a low growling, he looked down. It was his dog. It had an odd expression on its face. "Jason?" Kincaid said with a frown.

The dog was furiously digging below the back of an imposing old Cadillac. Some strange instinct seemed to have overpowered the animal.



Kincaid tried to stop his dog, but it no longer acted like a friendly pet. It turned and snarled at him.

Kincaid stopped and stared in disbelief as a flame appeared where the dog had been digging. Then a flaming stream ran along the ground.

Moments later, the earth began rumbling. A crack opened along the line of fire. Shafts of light erupted out of the crack.

The dog howled and ran off into the night. Kincaid watched it disappear between the stacks of cars, then stepped forward and looked down into the smoldering pit.

At the bottom of the freshly-formed crevice, a pile of bones formed itself into a human skeleton. They clicked together like a machine gun put together by an experienced soldier.

Then the body began regenerating.

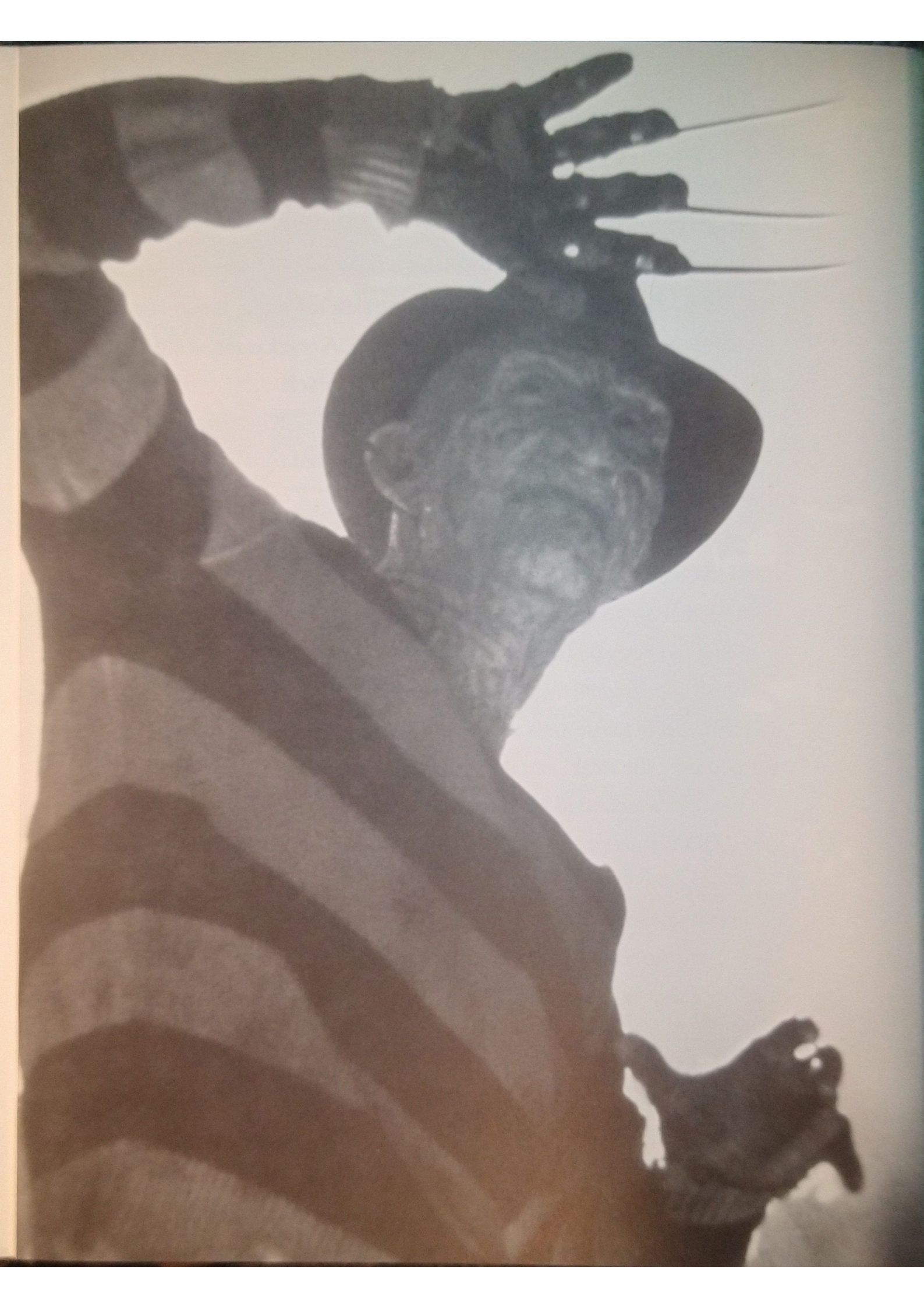
Flesh appeared on the bones. Cartilage knitted the joints, and muscle swelled within tissue that formed all over the body. Finally, burned skin formed over the flesh, and the clothes reversed their rot.

Kincaid watched in horror as the sinister figure of Freddy Krueger rose from the grave.

Freddy was back.

Freddy raised his right hand. With a flick of his wrist, he extended the long shiny blades at the ends of the fingers. "You shouldn't have buried me," he said. "I'm not dead."

Kincaid didn't hesitate. Before Freddy could move toward him, Kincaid turned and weaved through the maze of piled-up cars. He rounded a corner and stopped to catch his breath. Then he got an idea.



Freddy took up the chase. But when he turned the corner, Kincaid was gone. Freddy looked around, confused. Then he heard squeaking metal. Freddy looked up and saw Kincaid straining with all his might to push a wrecked car off the pile.

The car toppled on Freddy.

A victorious Kincaid jumped down on the roof, then the hood of the car. "Take that, creep!"

Kincaid jumped to the ground. When he landed, the cars around him went wild. Horns honked, lights flashed, and windshield wipers flapped wildly.

Suddenly, before Kincaid could react, cars began piling in around him. He spun around and watched in horror as he was quickly boxed in. There was no way out.

Just then, Kincaid heard a scraping noise immediately behind him. He whirled around and saw Freddy standing just inches away, his knives raised. "One down...two to go!" he laughed sinisterly.

Back in his bedroom, Kincaid's eyes shot open as he clutched his chest in agony. His dog wakened and nuzzled up to his dying master, but Kincaid was oblivious to the dog's tender attention.

With his final breath, Kincaid tried unsuccessfully to call out Kristen's name.

§

Joey was stretched out on his waterbed. He was reading the latest issue of a Rock & Roll magazine, occasionally glancing at the posters of rock stars that lined the walls.

It did not take long for Joey to become drowsy. His eyes slowly shut and the magazine dropped to his chest.

All at once, Joey was rocked by something in his waterbed. His eyes flew open and he noticed that one of the female rock stars had vanished from a poster, leaving only the photographed background. Frowning, Joey rolled over and pulled back the sheets.

Much to his amazement, the rock star was staring up at him from inside the waterbed. Slowly, the rock star drifted down into the waterbed until her features were no longer clear.

Suddenly, the figure bobbed to the surface of the bed. But it was no longer the rock star.

It was Freddy Krueger.

Freddy smiled wickedly at Joey. Then he pushed the razor-knives against the surface of the vinyl mattress.

Joey cried out as Freddy's arm ripped through the plastic. As water gushed all over, Freddy's demonic face popped up behind him. "Nooooo!" Joey shouted. "Kristen, help!"

"Two down, one to go!" Freddy's voice echoed with laughter.

§

Kristen sat at her bedroom window, cigarette in hand, listening to the wind chimes tinkling in the gentle breeze. Kristen snuffed out the cigarette, tossed it in the wastebasket, then closed her eyes for a few seconds to let the fresh air wash across her tired face.

Suddenly, the wind died down. The soft sound of the chimes abruptly stopped. Kristen opened her eyes and stared out the window. The wind chimes hung motionless in the tree.

Kristen heard someone calling her. She got up and scampered to the front door.

Stepping out, Kristen walked slowly away from the door. She was listening to the faint sound wafting through the air. She wasn't sure what it was.

When the sound disappeared, Kristen turned to face the house. Then she screamed.

Her home was gone.

The Elm Street house stood in its place.

Kristen spun around and suddenly found herself in a long, thin space between the walls of the house. She passed through a chain curtain and moved further along the corridor. It was filled with strange wailing sounds.

Just then, arms began bursting through the walls. Kristen screamed and began running down the corridor, arms grabbing for her.

When she turned a corner, she saw Freddy Krueger standing at the far end of the hall.

Freddy laughed.

"I knew you'd be back," Kristen said.

Freddy grinned horribly at her. "And then there were none." Then he charged her.

Kristen turned and ran—but suddenly, Freddy was right in front of her. She stopped cold and concentrated. "Kincaid! Joey!"

There was no answer.

"Elm Street's last brat," Freddy said. He stepped forward and raised his blades, ready to strike.

Trapped, Kristen raised her hands in a final and futile attempt at self-defense.

But before Freddy can swing his deadly knives at her, Kristen's outstretched arm burst into flame.

Waking from her nightmare, Kristen jumped out of the chair as flames shot out of the wastebasket. She grabbed a glass of water and poured it onto the fire, putting it out.

Then Kristen turned with alarm to the window. "Joey! Kincaid!" she cried out.



Three

The next morning, Kristen went to school early. She sat alone on the front steps, rocking herself slightly. She was nervous and agitated.

"Here you are," Alice said as she approached. "Where were you this morning? Rick's looking all over for you."

"Have you seen Joey and Kincaid?" Kristen asked anxiously. "I can't find them. I can't find them anywhere!"

"I'm sure they're around," Alice said.

"Yeah, well I'm not so sure." Kristen looked at Alice. Both had bags under their eyes. "We have matching luggage," Kristen said.

Alice looked puzzled.

Kristen smiled. "The bags under your eyes. Nightmares?"

Alice nodded.



"I hate dreaming," Kristen said.

"I love to dream," Alice said. "I just hate ones about my dad."

"How do you deal with your nightmares?" Kristen asked.

"My mom taught me when I was little," Alice replied. "Did you ever hear of the dream master?"

"Sounds like a game show host to me."

"No, really," Alice said, "it's a fable. The guardian of good dreams. It was like my teddy bear when I was growing up."

"Great," Kristen said. "Would you happen to know his phone number?"

Alice laughed.

"So what do you do now?" Kristen inquired.

"I daydream. You have to dream about some place fun. Remember, you're in control."

"How'd you learn so much about dreams?"

"When they're all you have," Alice said, "you kinda become an expert."

Kristen gave Alice a sympathetic look. The two girls sat in silence for a moment. "I used to bring people into my dreams," Kristen stated.

"You what?" Alice said.

"When I used to have nightmares, I brought my friends in to help me. Until they all started dying."

Alice looked confused.

"Never mind," Kristen said, "it's too complicated. Let's get in before your brother starts a search party."

Kristen and Alice entered a filled classroom where Rick was already seated. Kristen stared at two empty seats—and all the blood drained from her face. She started to tremble. A murmuring began deep inside her and built to a tortured cry as she shook her head. “Nooooo!” she screamed.

The other students were mesmerized by Kristen’s outburst. Some of them glanced over at the empty seats.

“What is it?” Rick asked.

“Oh no,” Kristen cried. “He killed them!”

Rick got up and took hold of Kristen’s arm, but she pulled away with all her strength.

The momentum of her violent move threw her off balance. Kristen fell back, slamming her head against the door. Then she slumped to the floor.

§

Kristen found herself in the nurse’s office. A school nurse was passing an ampule of smelling salts under Kristen’s nose. Kristen shook her head and blinked.

The nurse leaned down and smiled. “Feeling better now?”

“Yeah,” Kristen replied groggily. “I guess so. What happened?”

“You had a nasty bump.”

As she regained her senses, Kristen looked up at the nurse with an expression of extreme urgency. “I gotta get out of here!”

“You just stay put. You need rest.”

“You don’t get it. He’s after me.”

"Don't worry, honey..." The nurse turned and set down the smelling salts. Then the nurse faced Kristen.

It was Freddy Krueger.

Kristen let out a scream. . .

. . .and suddenly her eyes snapped open. The nurse was passing an ampule of smelling salts under Kristen's nose.

The nurse leaned down and smiled. "Feeling better now?"

Kristen didn't say a word.

§

Later that day, Kristen and Rick drove to the Crave Inn Diner where Alice worked as a waitress. Kristen's friends Debbie and Dan were sitting in a booth. Alice was cleaning the table next to them. They startled her as they approached.

"Alice," Rick said urgently, "do you think you can leave early?"

Alice frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Kincaid and Joey died last night."

Alice's eyes flew open. "What? Kristen, what happened?"

"You'll hear all kinds of stories. They'll tell you it was murder, but it wasn't."

Kristen began crying. Alice reached over to comfort her as Debbie and Dan looked on with concern.

"How could I let him get them?" Kristen said. "We were a team." Suddenly, Kristen turned hard. "I'm gonna get that creep once and for all!"

"Who?" Alice said.

Kristen looked at her friends. "Come on, we gotta go now—before it's too late!"

Four

Dan was seated in the backseat of Rick's car as they drove down Elm Street. He sat next to Alice who desperately tried not to make eye contact with him. Debbie sat on the other side of Dan. She *wanted* to make eye contact with him.

Rick and Kristen sat in the front seat. Kristen had just finished telling them a strange story.

"Now you know who and what Freddy really is," Kristen said.

"I thought Freddy was just an old town story," Rick stated.

"It's no story," Kristen said. "It happened. Freddy's real, and he's back."

"Hey, c'mon," Dan said, "everybody has nightmares."

Kristen turned to face him. "You don't know what nightmares are. You play by Freddy's rules. Wake up or die."

Alice and Debbie leaned forward, engrossed in Kristen's story.

Rick grew uncomfortable. "Hey, c'mon," he shouted, "give me some room. I hate tight spaces!"

Kristen looked up at a house they were approaching. "We're here," she said ominously.

Rick pulled up in front of a boarded up house. Everyone got out and stood on the front walkway, surrounded by a weed-infested lawn.

"So why the haunted house?" Dan asked.

"Kids died here," Kristen replied.

"Huh?" Dan said.

"It's not just a house," Kristen told them. "It's his home. He's waiting there for me...to dream."

"I don't get it," Dan said.

"The story of Freddy Krueger, remember?" Rick stated.

"I wasn't paying much attention," Dan said.

Rick rolled his eyes. "It's a town legend. He was a child killer who was freed on a technicality."

"So?" Dan said.

"A lot of parents got angry," Rick said. "According to Kristen, they hunted him down, roasted him alive."

Dan gazed around. "Nice neighborhood."

"Now it gets weird," Rick said. "She says he comes back—in dreams. If he kills you there, you're dead for real."

Alice stared at the house. " 'Now I lay me down to sleep...' "

Kristen stared at Alice.

"The dream master," Alice said to Kristen. "I think I remember the rhyme. 'The master of dreams, my soul I'll keep...' " She faltered. "Sorry, I forget the rest."

"It's okay," Kristen said. "It's only a prayer, no good to me. Freddy's real."

The group decided to return to the car. Alice stopped as something on the walkway caught her attention. There were traces of a chalk drawing on the concrete. Alice bent down and ran a finger across the surface.

"Alice?" Rick said.

Alice looked up to Dan and Rick. She started toward them, glancing at the sidewalk again.

The drawing was gone.

§

That evening, Kristen's mother, Elaine, sat at the dining room table, watching her daughter eat. The atmosphere was tense. Kristen was barely touching her food.

"Something wrong with the cuisine?" Elaine asked.

"Well mom, I'll tell ya, when two of your friends die the same day, you let me know what it does to your appetite."

"You're just tired. Don't think I haven't noticed you not sleeping. That has to stop, honey."

Kristen rose to her feet. She felt strangely dizzy. She grabbed hold of the table to steady herself, then sat. "What's wrong with me?"

"You're distraught. It'll help."

Kristen's eyes widened. "Oh, no! What did you do?" Kristen grabbed her glass and poured the last of her milk onto the table. There was a grainy sediment remaining in the bottom of the glass.

When Kristen stood again with glass in hand, she was unsteady. She tried to brace herself on the back of her chair with her free hand. Then she lost grip of the glass. It fell to the floor and shattered. With a wobbly gait, Kristen lurched from the table.

Kristen stumbled around and grabbed her mother's purse. She dumped its contents on the counter. Fumbling around, Kristen found a half-full container of prescription capsules. She turned and threw it at Elaine, pills flying everywhere.

"I'm sorry, honey, but—"

"Sorry!" Kristen screamed. "Sorry that your tennis pals torched this guy who's now after me? In case you haven't been keeping score, it's his banquet—and I'm the last course!"

"Honey, we went over this in therapy—"

"Mother, you've just murdered me. Take that to your therapy!"

Kristen stumbled into her room and slammed the door. "Can't end like thisss," she mumbled. "Noooo..."

Barely able to stand, Kristen crossed to her bedstand and searched awkwardly through a drawer. But when she pulled the drawer out too far, she spilled everything onto the floor.

Kristen got down on her hands and knees, but then collapsed completely. She reached for the telephone and tried to dial, but got hopelessly tangled in the cord. As she started drifting off, Kristen remembered something. "Dream someplace fun..." she mumbled. "Someplace... fun..."

Kristen rolled over on her back. Then her eyes shut.

§

The light in Kristen's eyes was so bright she had to squint. She heard the sound of water gently lapping a nearby shore. She looked up.

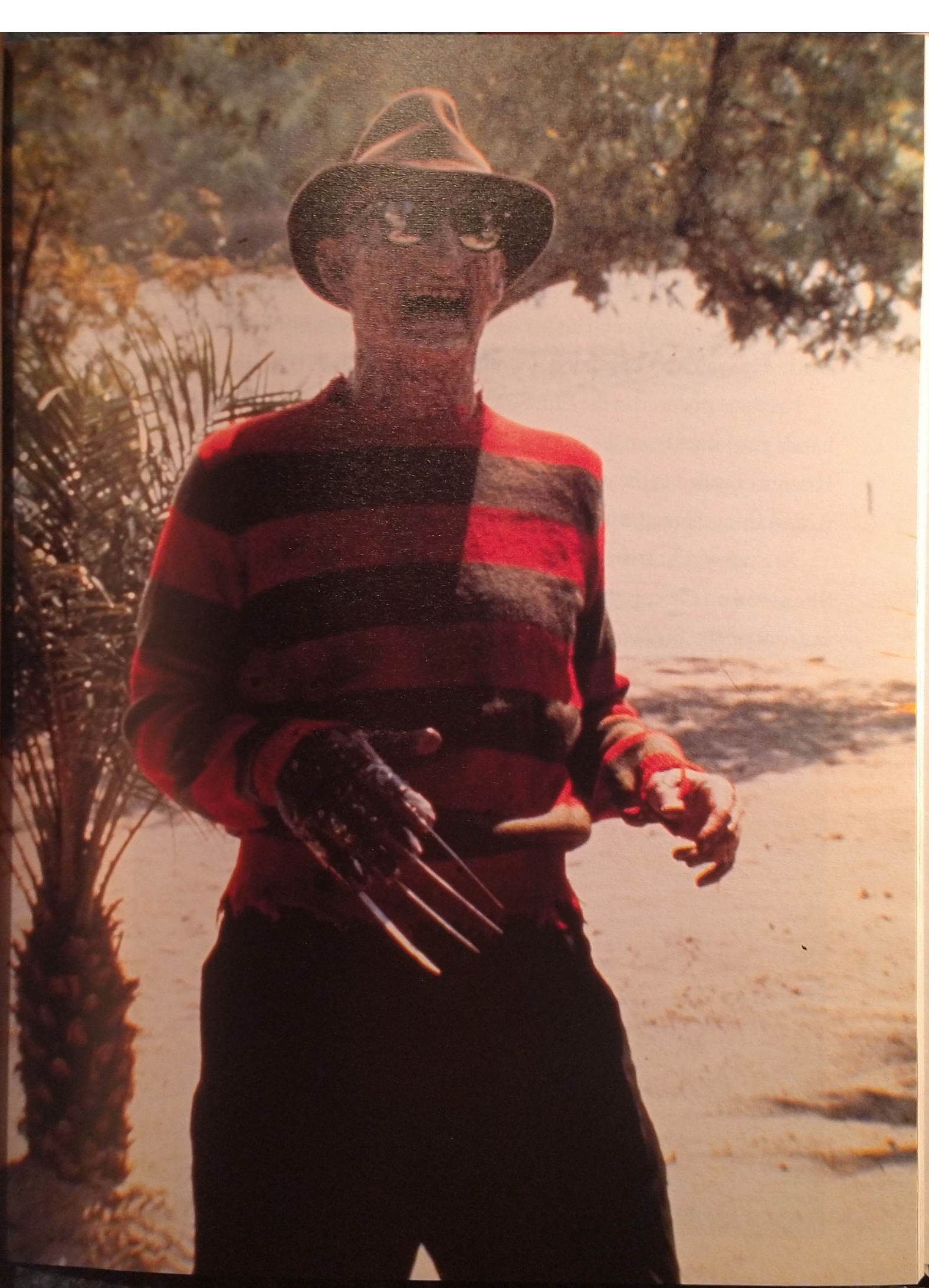
Kristen found herself lying on a towel on a deserted beach that ran along the edge of a broad lake. The sun was high in the blue sky.

Kristen slowly gazed around. Near the water, a little girl was building a sand castle. When the child turned and looked at her, Kristen realized it was the same little girl she saw drawing the picture on the sidewalk. And the sand castle was a model of the Elm Street house.

Suddenly, just offshore, the glassy surface of the water was broken by fin-like objects that rose up and sliced through the surf. At first it looked like a shark. But as it got closer, Kristen could see that it was four blades in ascending height. Kristen looked back at the sand castle. The little girl was gone.

The blades turned and headed for shore. When they reached the sand, they continued on, cutting through the beach to the Elm Street sand castle.

Just then, the castle exploded.

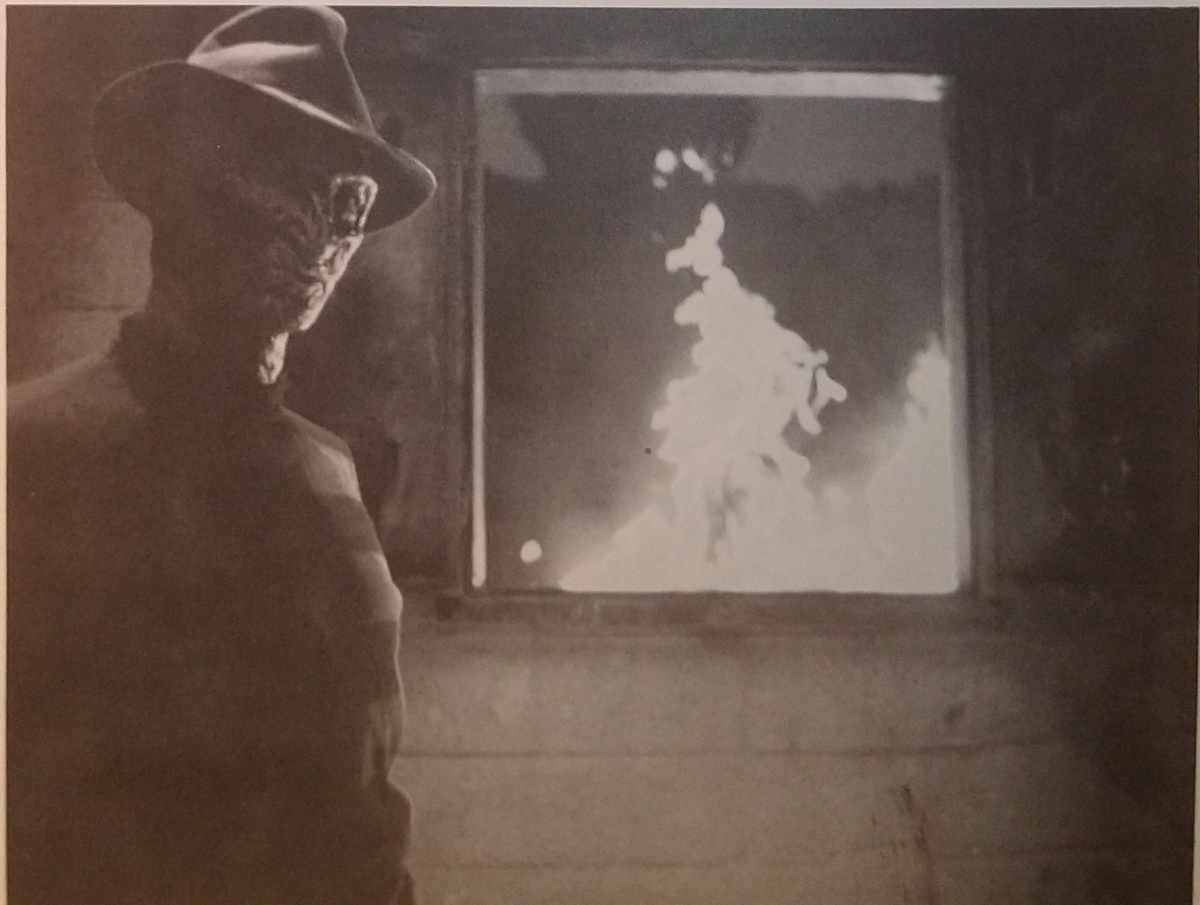


Freddy stood on the beach, squinting in the harsh sunlight. He popped on a pair of sunglasses. Then he smiled and stepped toward Kristen. "Time to turn, or else you'll burn!"

Kristen sunk halfway into the sand, preventing her escape. Freddy watched her struggle, and laughed when her screaming mouth filled with sand. He watched her sink below the surface.

Kristen appeared in the Elm Street house, hanging upside down on her hands and knees from the ceiling of the dining room. Feeling disoriented, Kristen crawled to the wall, then down to the door. She struggled to open it, and flung herself through.

Kristen was horrified to discover that she was back in the boiler room. She stood on the catwalk, fire and steam surrounding her. Freddy stood in front of the furnace, watching her with a sickly grin.



With a defiant cry, Kristen ran toward Freddy and crashed into him. Freddy stumbled backward and fell onto the grating.

"Do it till you're dizzy!" Freddy said with a sinister laugh.

"We beat you before!" Kristen shouted.

"But you're all alone!" Freddy rose to his feet and advanced on the terrified girl. "Hey, Kristen, why don't you call in some help?"

"Never!" Kristen said. "I'm the last!"

Freddy drew closer. "Reach out and touch someone!"

Freddy raised his claw. She panicked. "Alice!" she cried.

Suddenly, Alice crashed down on top of them. Kristen was enraged, but Freddy was happy.

"How sweet!" he said. "Fresh meat!"

Kristen slapped Alice hard across the face. "Come on! Wake up and get out! It was a mistake!"

Nothing happened. Kristen started to back up, taking Alice with her. "Leave her alone!" Kristen cried, stepping in front of Alice.

Freddy grabbed Kristen. He threw her into the furnace. As the flames finished off the doomed girl, a blast of energy shot out of the steaming furnace and slammed into Freddy. His body crackled and contorted.

"Now, no one sleeps!" he roared. He advanced on the terrified Alice.

"You'll...you'll need my...my power," Kristen said as the flames consumed her.

A second bolt of energy shot from the furnace and slammed into Alice, causing her to glow and shake.

Freddy closed in for the kill. He raised his razor knives and prepared to strike.

Alice bolted upright in her bed, screaming. She took a few deep breaths and jumped out of bed.

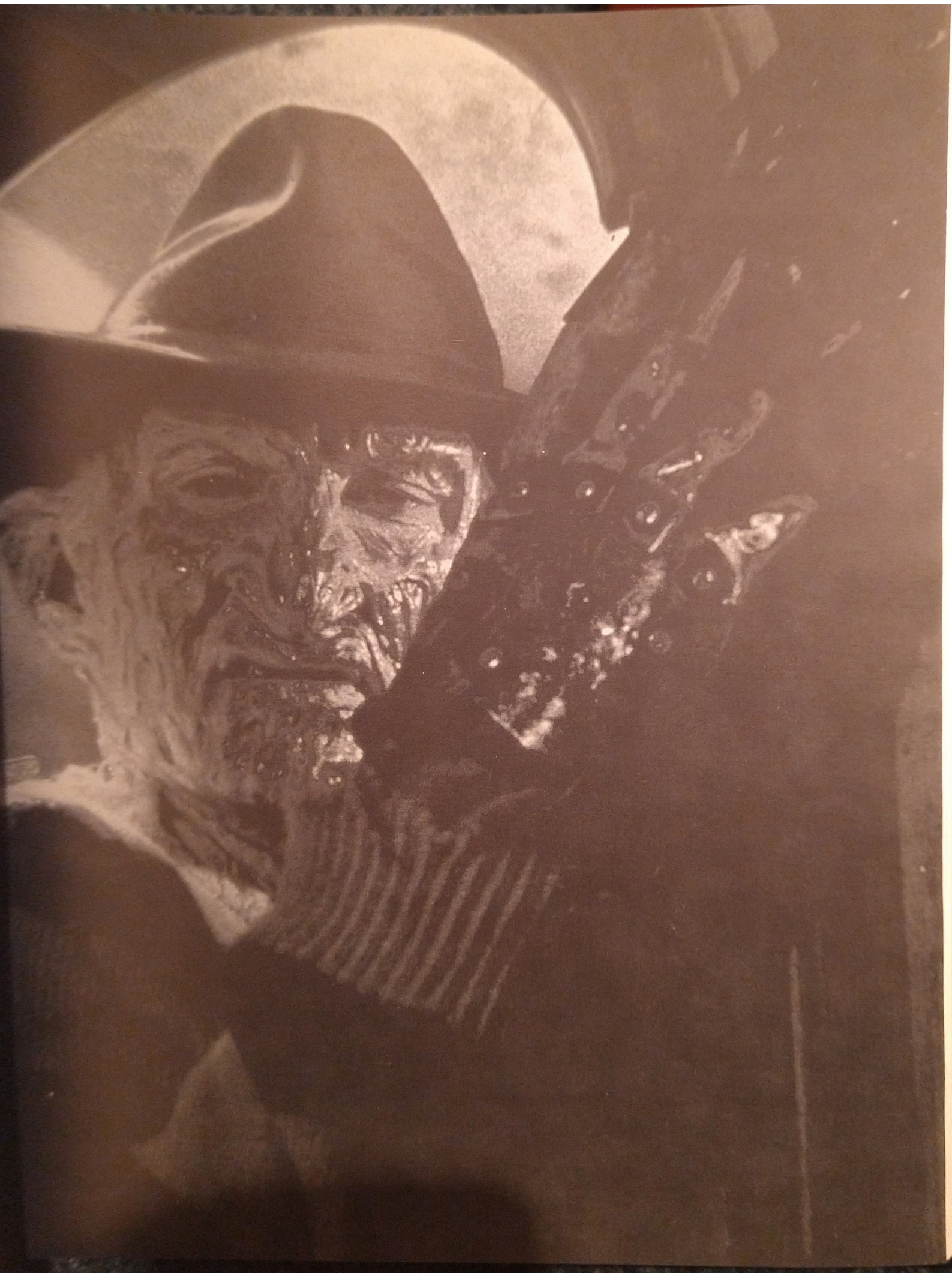
Suddenly, Rick burst in. "You all right?"

"Kristen," Alice whispered. She grabbed Rick's hand and pulled him out of the room.

Rick and Alice drove furiously to Kristen's house. When they arrived, they saw orange flames in Kristen's upstairs bedroom window. Rick and Alice charged into the house, startling Elaine who was in the living room. "Kristen!" Rick cried as he flew up the steps.

Rick burst through the bedroom door, followed by Alice and Elaine. Kristen's bed was ablaze.

Nothing remained.



Five

A few days later, Rick sat on a bench at school wearing dark sunglasses. Alice, Debbie and Dan were seated around him. Everyone was silent, respecting Rick's somber mood.

"Hey, man," Dan finally said, "we're all sorry."

"She knew she was gonna die," Rick said.

"You mean it was like, suicide?" Debbie asked.

"I thought it was an accident," Dan said. "Smoking in bed."

"It was no suicide," Alice stated. "It was not an accident. It was Freddy, and he's coming back for seconds, and thirds, and fourths."

"Come on," Debbie said, "Freddy's not real. She couldn't have been serious."

"I was there, in the dream. He took her. It was awful."

"In her dream?" Dan said.

Alice got up and walked away from the bench. Rick removed his glasses and watched her. "Something's very wrong here."

"What?" Debbie said.

"For a minute, she...well, reminded me of Kristen," Rick stated.

"Weren't they close?" Dan asked.

"Not *that* close," Rick said.

Alice entered the restroom and stared at her reflection in the mirror. She took out a cigarette, popped it into her mouth, and lit it. Then she coughed violently. "I don't smoke. Kristen, what did you do to me?"

Sheila, one of Debbie's friends, entered the restroom and stood at the faucet next to Alice. She splashed her face with cold water. "Ooohh, baby, I am dead on my feet."

"We have matching luggage," Alice said, quoting Kristen.

"What?"

Alice pointed to the bags under Sheila's eyes. "You've been up all night?"

"That obvious, huh?"

"Then you saw him, too?"

"Saw who?" Sheila said. "I was up all night cramming for this physics test, and I was putting this little baby together...look!"

Sheila reached into her purse and withdrew a small gadget that looked like a joy buzzer. She squeezed it. It emitted a high-pitched whine.

"You know how Debbie's afraid of bugs?" Sheila said, wheezing slightly. "I made this for her. Ultra high sound waves. Makes 'em run screaming their antenna off." Sheila stuffed the gadget into her purse.

Then she held an inhaler to her mouth and breathed deeply. "See ya in class."

When Sheila was gone, Alice stared at the mirror, wondering about the cigarette.

§

Alice sat next to Sheila in physics class waiting for the dreaded exam. Sheila started to wheeze again, but took another deep breath from her inhaler and settled down.

While the teacher placed the test papers face down in front of each student, Sheila looked around and spotted Rick and Dan. She smiled.

"All right," the teacher said. "You have forty minutes. Good luck and go to it."

Sheila stared at her paper. She held her eyes open wide, but then they shut momentarily. She was tired and wondered how she would get through the exam.

Sheila snapped her eyes open and shook her head. Then she returned her gaze to the paper. The equations danced about on the paper like acrobats. Sheila blinked in confusion, yet the equations still moved. She glanced around. All the other students were working, including Alice.

Sheila's pencil was poised over her paper. Her eyes got heavy and her head drooped forward. But then she snapped to attention.

Sheila put her pencil to the paper. She tried to fill in an answer, but no writing appeared on the paper.

Blinking again, the equations started to dance. Slowly the letters rearranged themselves into other words:

Learning is fun with Freddy.

Sheila shook her head and looked around. Suddenly a mechanical claw reached up from the desk and grabbed her arm. She screamed.

Alice turned and saw Sheila struggling. She was about to rise when a bar shot across her lap and restrained her. Alice struggled to help Sheila. All the other students were calmly involved in the test.

Sheila looked to the teacher's desk. Freddy sat in the chair, peeling an apple with his knives.

"School's out," he said. Then he headed down the aisle.

Sheila's breathing became ragged. She tried to scream but could only choke and wheeze.

"Save your breath," Freddy said.

Alice saw Sheila lying across her desk, choking for air. The teacher and students saw her, too, and gathered around. Alice reached for Sheila's purse and withdrew the inhaler, forcing it into Sheila's mouth. But Sheila's head just drooped to one side and she stopped breathing. Everyone was in shock.

"I'll get the nurse," the teacher said, rushing from the room.

Sheila's home-made zapper fell out of the purse. Alice quickly scooped it up. Then she became hysterical. "Didn't you see it? He was *here!* It's too late for help. He killed her!"

Everyone stared at her strangely.

As Alice wept, Rick led her carefully from the classroom. The other students stood around Sheila, wondering what they could do.

§

Alice stood emotionless in the parking lot with her friends as she watched the paramedics lift Sheila's covered body into a waiting ambulance. As the vehicle pulled away, it sounded its siren to part the crowd of teenagers.

"Asthma attack," Debbie said tearfully. "What 17-year-old has a fatal asthma attack? She was gonna be a doctor."

"It was Freddy," Alice said glumly.

"Enough of that," Debbie snapped.

"I saw it," Alice said. "It was my dream. I brought Sheila in. I brought her in just like Kristen did with me."

Rick touched Alice on the shoulder. "C'mon..."

Alice turned away. "No, don't! I gave Sheila to him and now she's dead!"

"Kristen's story really got her," Dan said to Rick.

"I'm not so sure it is a story," Rick replied. "I mean, look around. We're dropping off like flies here."

Alice walked away.

No one said a word.

§

That night, Alice bolted awake in bed, sweaty and short of breath from a nightmare she had about her father. Rick burst in and hit the lights.

"I heard you screaming," he said. "Was it a bad one?"

"It was bad," Alice said.

"Doesn't the dream master work for you anymore?"

"I can't find him."

Rick noticed Sheila's gadget on the vanity and picked it up. "Hey, since when do you play Thomas Edison? This looks like Sheila's."

"It is...was. It's a zapper. It might help me stay awake."

"Yeah, or turn you into toast."

Alice snatched it from him and hung it by its wires on the mirror frame. "I can't go to sleep again."

"I haven't slept much, either," Rick said, "since Kristen..."

Alice looked sympathetically at her brother. "I miss her, too. She gave me her ability, but I don't know how to use it. I can bring people into my dreams, but I can't protect them. Freddy lives in my dreams, Rick—like he did with Kristen. My dreams—the one thing I had to myself!"

"We'll figure it out," Rick said.

"Figure it out? I'll be insane before I figure it out. The only thing I'm sure of is that I can't go to sleep. Not while he's using me."

"Then we'll stay up together."

Six

A few nights later, Alice stood behind the counter of the Crave Inn Diner, adding up the night's receipts near the cash register. Her waitress uniform was spotted with stains, evidence of a hard day.

When she finished the receipts, she closed the cash register. Then she poured coffee grounds into a cup of black coffee and stirred it before downing the cup.

Dan walked in and headed for the counter. "Hey, how ya doin'?" Haven't seen you around lately."

Alice looked up. "I've been working double shifts."

"Extra money, huh?"

"Look, you know why. You just don't believe."

Dan looked around and leaned toward her. "No offense or anything, but it's kind of hard to swallow."



"The story is. The deaths you can't argue with." Then her eyes welled up. "I don't know what to do. I can't stop it. Why doesn't he just kill me?"

Dan studied her. "How long you been awake?"

"Three days. Don't you understand? Everytime I sleep, someone might die!"

"All right, let's assume this whole thing is true. Why does Freddy all of a sudden need you?"

"Kristen was the last child left of the people who killed Freddy. Maybe Freddy can't get to new kids without someone like me—someone to bring them to him."

Dan and Alice were silent for a moment. Dan read a mix of emotions on Alice's face: guilt, shame, anger, and despair. He was about to say something when a voice called out.

Dan's date, a pretty and polished young woman, appeared at the door. "Danny, we're going to be late for the drive-in!"

Dan was embarrassed.

So was Alice, who was also jealous. "I have to get back."

Alice hurried off to the kitchen as Dan watched in frustration.

§

The next day, in the boys' locker room, Dan approached Rick and sat next to him on a bench. "You look wasted," Dan said.

"Been up with Alice," Rick replied.

"How she doing? I ran into her last night."

"She's blaming herself for Sheila," Rick said. "I know how it feels. I've been thinking about Kristen. Maybe I could've stopped it, if I'd have listened."

"About Freddy?" Dan said.

"What else? You ever look over this town's history? Not a safe place to be a teenager. Anyway, if I'm next, watch your back."

Suddenly, the coach appeared. "Hey, you bozos!" he bellowed. "Up and out—now!"

Dan and the other boys headed out to gym class. Rick scrambled to get dressed.

§

Alice struggled to stay awake in the back row of the lecture hall. At the front, a lecturer droned on in a boring monotone.

"Every society, dating back to the ancients, has had theories regarding dreams, what they mean, how to control them," the lecturer said. "Aristotle believed that during sleep your soul roams free. What it sees are dreams. Skilled dreamers control what they see. There is a theory that there are two gates your soul can enter, one positive gate, the other a negative. The dream master guards the positive gate and protects its sleeping host. There are fewer theories about the negative gate..."

The lecturer's words became distorted as Alice began falling asleep.

§

Rick was lacing his hightops when, suddenly, his locker door began rattling. Just then, a group of cheerleaders barged in the locker room. They looked at Rick and laughed as he stood in confusion.

At that moment, the entire room began shaking. Rick looked around and saw the room transform into an elevator. Buttons pushed out of the walls; the doors changed.

One cheerleader pushed Button #13. The elevator shot up. Then the doors opened and the cheerleaders shoved their way out. Rick could see Alice among the girls. She was pushing against the flow, trying to reach him.

Suddenly, the door slammed in Rick's face. The elevator rocketed downward as the lighted buttons blinked faster and faster until they were a blurry glow.

"Going down," Freddy's voice blared from the elevator speaker. "Women's wear, lingerie, cutlery, butcher knives...China."

The elevator came to a sudden halt. Rick was thrown to the ground. Then the door flew open.

Rick got up and looked around the pristinely clean Chinese room filled with tatami mattes and colored screens. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Rick was hurtled backward as if kicked by an invisible opponent.

"A true warrior, Rick-san, needs no eyes," Freddy's voice echoed.

Rick was kicked again and knocked to the floor. Enraged, Rick jumped to his feet and flailed at the air. "Come out and fight me, you coward!"

Freddy laughed. "Ninja warriors have calm. Find your balance, Rick-san."

Rick was hit again and thrown back against a screen. He stood slowly, with ultimate concentration. Suddenly, he kicked back at the air and connected with a resounding thump. Then he progressed forward with a series of karate moves—all of which connected soundly and quickly with the invisible force. "Too wimpy to show yourself, Krueger? Well, how's this for balance?"

Summoning all his might, Rick kicked the air. Freddy's glove appeared out of thin air and landed on the floor. Rick stopped and stared at the glove. He laughed victoriously. "How you gonna get me without your weapon? You're dead meat!"

Freddy's laugh resounded through the room. Suddenly, the glove jumped up and shot toward Rick.

"Hari-kari to you and your balance, boy," Freddy said. "Sayanora, Rick-san."

§

Alice woke with a jolt. She was hit by an incredible force. Her entire seat shook off its bolts. Students next to her backed away.

Alice smashed her desk top with her fist, sending bits of wood and metal flying. Then she let out a soul-crushing cry. "Noooooooo!"

The windows in the lecture hall shattered as Alice ran out of the room to the gym. There she found the coach as he opened the boys' locker room door.

"Hey, Rick!" he shouted. "Let's go!"

When Rick didn't answer, the coach entered the locker room. Alice followed him.

They found Rick lying by his locker, his twisted hand lifeless on the floor.

§

A few days later, Alice and Debbie stood near Rick's gravesite as other mourners gathered for the funeral. Debbie was sobbing softly. Alice was emotionless. She was wearing Rick's dark sunglasses.

"Are you okay?" Dan said suddenly to Alice.

"Not really."

"Is there something I can do?"

"I don't think so. I guess this is my own war."

"No it isn't," Debbie said. "We all gotta survive." She flexed her arm. "I don't spend hours working out to let some nightstalker beat me."

"You really don't get it," Alice said. "He's not a nightstalker. It'll take more than bench presses to beat him."

"Why can't we just talk to the authorities?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, right," Alice replied. "Let's trade death by Freddy for life in a rubber room. Adults won't see it. They can't."

"What else can we do?" Dan said.

"Try what the other kids did," Alice stated. "Keep each other awake. We'll meet at Debbie's tonight. At least if we don't sleep he can't get us."

Seven

That night, Alice sneaked out of the house and walked to the street corner where Dan was supposed to meet her. But he wasn't in sight. Frustrated, she walked off and turned the corner.

Suddenly, Alice found herself in the middle of a rundown, seedy urban street with blackened store fronts. The street was deserted.

Alice spotted the glowing neon marquee of a movie theater at the end of the street. She approached the box office and took a ticket from the attendant. Then she wandered in.

Alice took a seat in the fifth row of the balcony. She had a box of popcorn and a soft drink. There were other patrons scattered about the theater, but she couldn't see their faces.

Alice settled in. She started to watch the movie. An image of the Crave Inn Diner appeared on the screen. All the paint was peeling, and the torn canvas awning was flapping in the wind.

The wind picked up, blowing tumble weeds and newspapers across the front of the diner. Just then, the front doors were blown off their hinges. The wind howled demonically as the air became thick with dust and debris.

The wind whipped over Alice, scattering her popcorn like white rain. Then her drink was pulled out of her hand. Alice stood to fight the wind as it pushed her toward the edge of the balcony. Her fingers gripped the back of the seat as the howling wind lifted her off her feet. Unable to hold on any longer, Alice was blown over the balcony rail and into the screen.

Alice tumbled into the scene, landing in front of the diner. The howling wind continued to blow debris. Boards ripped off the structure as Alice struggled to her feet.

Alice made her way into the diner. She looked back and saw the movie screen. Beyond it was the theater. The zombie-like theater patrons clapped, their ghostly faces displaying no emotion.

Alice looked around the diner. It was empty except for one waitress behind the counter. Alice walked to the counter and settled on a stool. The waitress stepped over and slid a tattered menu in front of her. Alice studied the woman for a moment. Something about her was familiar, and it made Alice uneasy.

In her sixties, the waitress looked like she worked every day of her life. Her hair was streaked with gray and there were deep pockets under her eyes. She seemed the kind of person whose life had passed her by. "What'll it be?" the waitress said.

Alice remained silent.

"C'mon, honey," the waitress said, "I don't want to be here forever."

Alice's eyes widened as she spotted the waitress' name badge:
ALICE.

The waitress turned and headed to the end of the counter. Alice swivelled on her stool, watching the waitress walk away. Suddenly, Alice realized someone was sitting next to her.

It was Freddy.

"If the food don't kill ya," he said, "the service will!" Then he laughed horribly.

The waitress returned with a piping hot pizza and placed it in front of Freddy. The pizza had large "pepperonis"—the screaming miniature faces of Kristen, Sheila, and Rick!

"Ahhh—the usual!" Freddy exclaimed happily.

Alice watched in horror as the faces cried out to her. "Free us, Alice—free us!" She sprung from the stool and started to run, but Freddy grabbed her by the arm.

"I love soul food," Freddy said. "Bring me more!"

Alice tried to keep her mind clear. But a sudden *WHOOSH!* told her she had dragged someone into the dream. Alice looked back at the theater. It was gone—replaced by Debbie's workout room in her attic! Debbie was there, dozing on her weight bench.

Freddy cackled triumphantly and turned to Alice. "Your shift is over."

The sudden honking of a passing car horn awakened Alice. She sat on the bed for a moment in confusion before clearing her head. "Oh no—Debbie!"



Alice climbed out of her bedroom window, then headed for the street corner where Dan was waiting.

§

Lying on her weight bench, Debbie opened her eyes and rubbed them tiredly. She looked around and reached for the barbell, then began a series of strenuous bench presses as she listened to the stereo.

While Debbie continued to exercise, Freddy Krueger's shadow appeared on the wall. His clawed hand reached out and cut the stereo cord. Puzzled, Debbie set the barbell in the rack and looked around.

Nothing.

Debbie shrugged and reached for the weights.

Freddy stood over her, holding the barbell. He tried to forced it down. "No pain, no gain!" he said, laughing sinisterly.

Debbie struggled to her feet. She ducked as Freddy heaved the barbell into the mirrors along the wall.

Freddy grinned evilly and started for her.

Debbie ran toward a small door at the other end of the attic. But the door grew larger and larger as Debbie approached.

The room was now a strange white space, flat and dull. Debbie tried to make her way across but her feet started sticking to the gooey floor.

Debbie struggled to free herself. But as she tried to pull away, she fell over, her face sticking to the floor. She glanced to the side and saw a roach struggling in the corner. Debbie was in a “roach motel” bug trap.

Debbie painfully turned toward the doorway. She saw Freddy’s huge eye peering in. She screamed.

Freddy stood and laughed with the roach motel in hand. “You can check in, but you can’t check out!” he said. Then he crushed the trap.

§

Alice and Dan raced along the street in Dan’s pick-up truck as they approached Debbie’s house. Alice, in the driver’s seat, hoped they were not too late.

Suddenly, Alice was hit with a violent shock.

“What was that?” Dan said.

“Debbie,” Alice whispered sadly. “She’s gone. I’ve...collected her, like the others.”

A sudden, blinding brightness hit the truck. There was a pair of bright headlights streaking toward them.

Just then, the lights burned off—revealing Freddy Krueger standing defiantly in the middle of the road. He was laughing maniacally at Dan’s on-coming truck.

Alice grit her teeth and slammed the gas pedal to the floor, murder on her mind. “All right,” she growled, “sleep or awake, I’m gonna punch his ticket!”

The truck rumbled toward Freddy, smoke drifting from its tires. Alice sneered as the truck passed through Freddy and smashed into an invisible brick wall. Bits of metal and glass flew through the air as the truck crumpled.

Eight

Later that night, two paramedics lifted Dan's stretcher into the ambulance. His leg was bandaged but it was bleeding badly, and he moaned in pain.

Alice, shakened but unharmed, climbed into the ambulance and noticed a paramedic filling a hypodermic needle. "What's that do?"

The paramedic turned toward Dan. "Relaxes your boyfriend."

Alice jerked the paramedic's arm away. "Put the needle down."

"Sorry, Doctor," the paramedic said sarcastically, "rules is rules."

Alice smacked the needle from the paramedic's hand. It shattered against the wall. "He stays awake. Those are my rules, understand? He's allergic!"

"Shoulda said so in the first place," the paramedic grumbled.

Alice leaned closer to Dan. "Don't let them put you to sleep," she whispered.

They arrived at the hospital where the Emergency Room was prepared for surgery. Dan's parents were there, waiting anxiously. So was Mr. Johnson.

"When do you operate?" Alice asked the doctor. "When does he hit surgery?"

The doctor look at Dan as he was strapped to a gurney. "From the looks of him," he said, "probably fifteen minutes."

Alice looked at her watch. It was 9:45 p.m. She had fifteen minutes before Dan was forced asleep.

Dan was wheeled away. Alice started for him. But then she was grabbed from behind by her father. He held her back.

"Let it be, Alice," Mr. Johnson said, reaching in his pocket for his car keys. "They'll help him. Now let's go home."

"They're gonna kill him!" Alice shouted. She snatched her father's keys and ran for the swinging exit doors.

"Alice," Mr. Johnson cried, "get back here!"

Alice jumped into her father's car and screeched out of the parking lot, driving wildly down the street. She gripped the steering wheel. The speedometer was straining. Then she glanced at the dashboard clock. 9:52 p.m. She had eight minutes to do something—but what?

Alice screeched to a halt in front of her house. She flew from the car and burst into the house. Stopping at her father's gun rack, she grabbed a shotgun and a box off shells, then ran up the stairs to her bedroom.

Tossing the gun on the bed, Alice opened a bottle of sleeping pills and popped a handful in her mouth. Returning to the bed, Alice loaded the shotgun and cocked it. "This ends—now!"

She walked to the vanity table and snatched Sheila's gadget and hung it around her neck. Then she hoisted the gun to her shoulder. The pills started taking effect.

Holding her forehead, Alice looked in the mirror. She felt strong and confident. She wasn't a high school girl any longer. She was the dream master, ancient guardian of the gate of good dreams, ready to do battle with Freddy Krueger and accept her destiny.

Alice spoke to her powerful reflection:

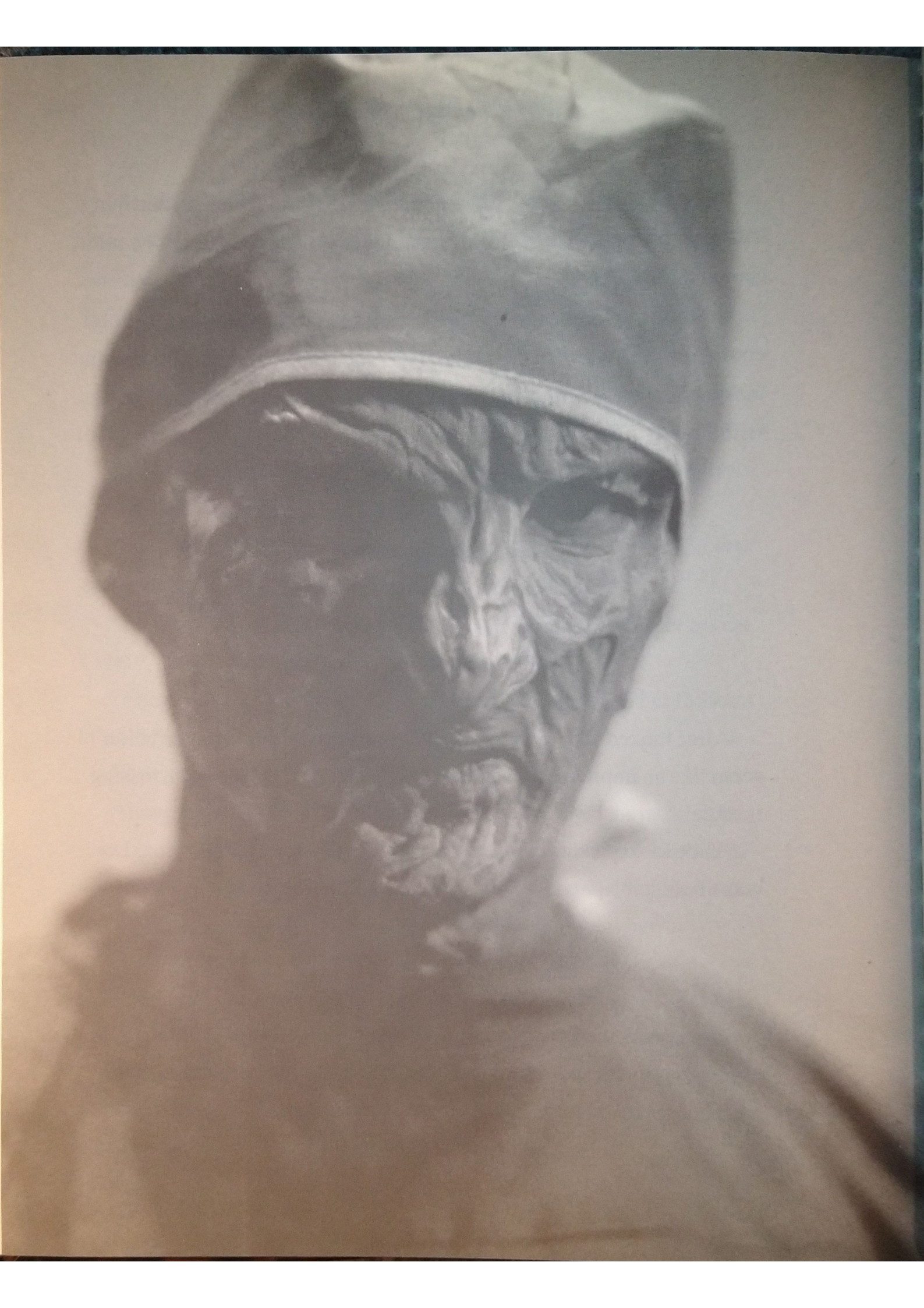
*"Now I lay me down to sleep,
the master of dreams, my soul to keep.
In the reflection of my mind's eye,
evil sees itself, and it shall die!"*

Alice looked at the shotgun. Next to her supernatural image, it didn't seem like an impressive weapon. "Save it for Rambo," she said, tossing it aside.

Alice looked at the clock on her vanity table. It was 10:00 p.m. Dan was about to be put under.

§

Dan opened his eyes and saw a strange-looking doctor standing over him. The doctor wore a surgical mask and a green surgical uniform, razorknives ready to strike.



Dan pulled the mask from the doctor's face. "Freddy!" he shouted in terror.

"It ain't Dr. Seuss!" Freddy said, laughing.

"No!" Dan cried. "Alice! Help!"

Alice heard Dan's distant cry. She could see the operating room in the vanity's mirror. "Get away from him!" she roared at Freddy. Then she dove headfirst into the mirror.

Alice rolled onto the operating floor. She scrambled to her feet and looked around. Freddy was gone.

Alice helped Dan off the operating table. His wound had healed.

"You look great!" Dan said.

"Save it for later," Alice replied. "Come on!"

Alice and Dan ran for the doors. Just as they approached, Freddy threw them open from the other side.

Dan leaped in front of Alice and confronted Freddy. Freddy grabbed Dan's fist and pushed him aside.

Alice charged Freddy and knocked him over. Then Alice grabbed Dan's hand and they plunged through the doors.

Dan and Alice ran into the hallway. It turned into a huge, rotating cylinder—a kaleidoscope!

Dan and Alice careened down the hall and crashed through a wall of stained glass. Suddenly, they found themselves in a church.

Just then, Freddy appeared. "Welcome to wonderland, Alice!" he said, laughing horribly.

Suddenly, the familiar voices of the Elm Street children began chanting. They were standing in the choir box.

*"One, two, Freddy's coming for you.
Three, four, better lock your door..."*

Alice rushed to Dan's side. He started to flicker like a bad picture on a television set. The he started fading away. "No," he muttered. "Alice!"

Alice reached for him, but he was gone, his voice echoing throughout the church.

§

Dan regained consciousness on the operating table. The doctor stood over him.

"Relax, son," the doctor said. "It was rough, but we pulled you out."

"Put me back under!" Dan cried. "Please! Put me back!"

The doctor looked perplexed. "Just a while ago you were screaming not to be put under."

"Well I changed my mind!" Dan shouted.

§

Alice crouched in a fighting position as Freddy advanced, fingerknives flashing. Alice leaped and delivered a perfect kick to Freddy's chest, knocking him back. But Freddy just laughed.

"You think you got what it takes?" he said with contempt. "I've been guardin' my gate forever!"

Alice kicked at Freddy. Freddy grabbed her ankle and pushed her against the wall. She fell and didn't move.

Freddy approached her. He raised his fingerknives, ready for the kill.

Just then, Alice sprung to her feet. She reached out and punched a hole in the wall. Then she pulled out several crackling electrical cables. Ripping the gadget from her neck, she aimed it at Freddy. Freddy just laughed.

Alice shoved an electric cable into the center of the gadget. It hummed and glowed until a powerful laser bolted at Freddy, hitting him in the chest. The laser ripped a hole in Freddy. Stunned, he looked down. But then he raised his head, a sinister grin spreading across his face. The laser didn't harm him.

Freddy charged Alice and threw her into a wall. She crumpled in pain beneath the broken stain glass window. Then he approached for the final time, ready to strike a death blow with his fingerknives.

"For in the reflection of my mind's eye," the children sang, "let evil see itself and it shall die!"

Alice remembered the verse. She grabbed a large piece of stained glass and held it in front of Freddy. Freddy looked at the glass and saw his reflection. He screamed.

Freddy's body began pulsating and rippling. The souls of his victims were trying to free themselves.

"Let them out!" Alice shouted.

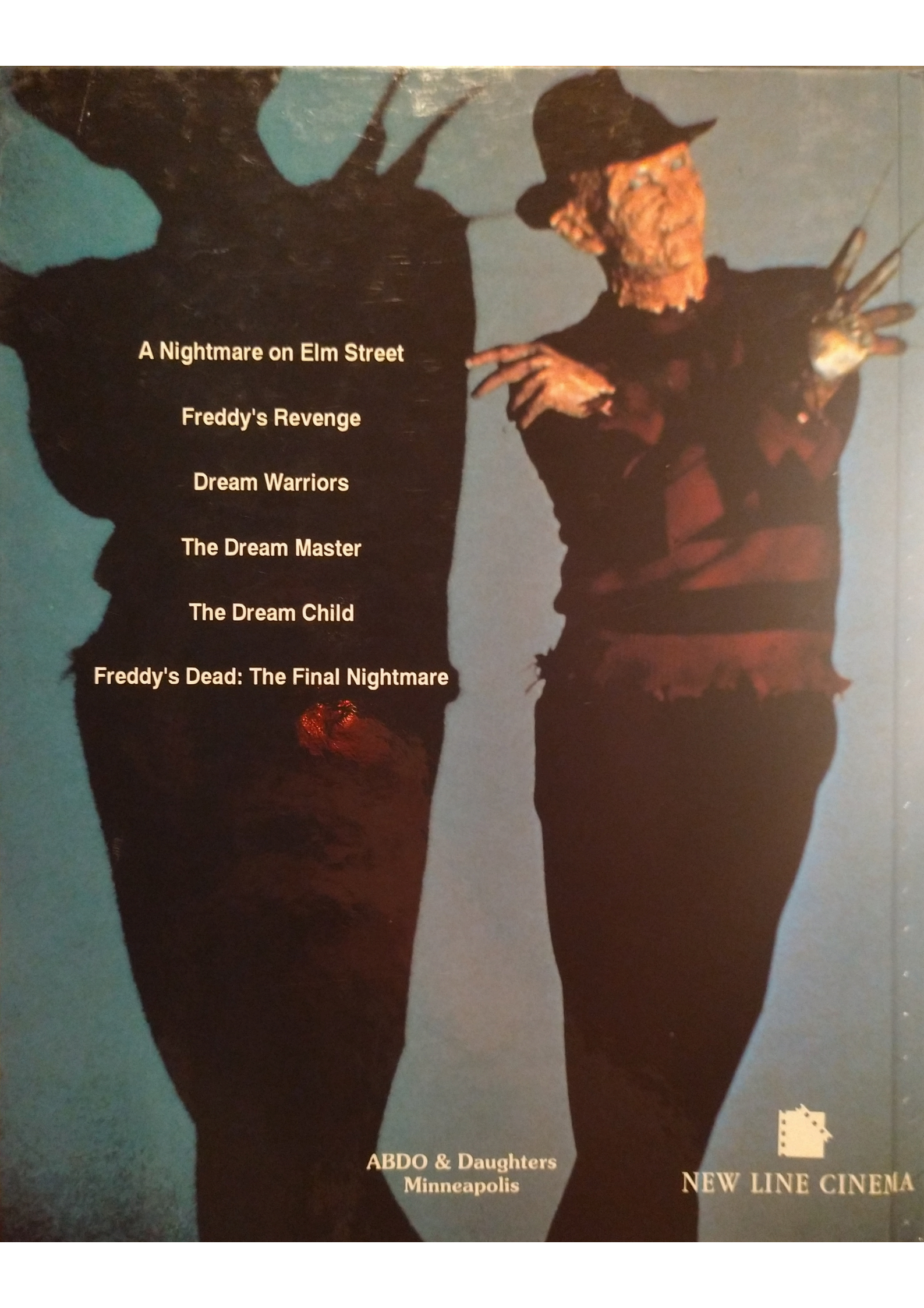
The trapped souls began tearing through Freddy's body, erupting in all directions. Freddy's sweater stretched and ripped apart. The freed souls poured out.

Alice watched as the souls swooped around her before streaking out the broken window. "You're dead," Alice said to Freddy.

All was quiet except a steady wind that blew the shell of Freddy Krueger and his hat down the church aisle and out the door.

Finally, the double doors slammed shut.

Freddy Krueger was gone.



A Nightmare on Elm Street

Freddy's Revenge


Dream Warriors

The Dream Master

The Dream Child

Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare

**ABDO & Daughters
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